

ECLIPSE
COMICS™

NO 7

The Illustrated Horror
Magazine for Mature Readers

\$1.75

CANADA
\$2.50

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS

TM



The PENUMBRA

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ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 8

Scout fights the final monster, and a mysterious messiah appears!

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 7

Two stories by Bruce Jones, with Bo Hampton & Chuck Beckum art.

KITZ 'N' KATZ no. 3

The katz go on a crazy trip to Bigtown! Plus, the threat of Robokat!

THE NEW WAVE no. 1 and 2

The first two bi-weekly issues are on sale this month. Only 50 cents! Meet new heroes and the great beginning of a new universe!

JOHNNY HAZARD no. 7 and 8

Two more magazine-sized collections of the classic adventure series.

SALOME no. 1

The man who baptized Jesus Christ faces death at the hands of an evil woman. By P. Craig Russell.

CROSSFIRE & RAINBOW no. 1

Now at a lower price! A 4-part mini-series begins with "This Is Your Sex Life, Jay Endicott!"

CHAMPIONS no. 1

For the first time ever in comics — the role playing characters come to life!

ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE

BLACK-BELT HAMSTERS 3-D

Your favorite furry creatures in their first 3-D adventure!

WHODUNNIT? no. 1

Be the first to solve the mystery and WIN \$1,000.00! Cash.

WORLD OF WOOD no. 3 and 4

The final 2 issues in this superb collection of Wally Wood art!

MIRACLEMAN no. 8

With a new framing sequence, 2 stories from Miracleman's "past." Plus, The New Wave preview!

NEW DNAAGENTS no. 9

The startling conclusion to the tale of Venimus!

DEAD REDS: As I sit down to write, news has come of a nuclear power "accident" in Russia, with the dead numbered at either two (what the Soviets are saying) or in the thousands (reports gathered from ham radio operators in the area). Radioactive waste is spewing into our atmosphere, 49,000 human beings in the immediate vicinity were not evacuated until they'd been exposed to hazardous levels of radioactivity for 36 hours due to Soviet government foul-ups, all the animals within an 18 mile radius of the plant were destroyed because they were "contaminated," warnings have been issued in some Eastern European countries that rainwater and milk are unfit to drink and that people should avoid conceiving children until radiation levels drop, a group of American bone marrow transplant experts have been flown to Russia to try to save the "operable cases" of radiation contamination, the town of Pripyat (25,000 inhabitants) is abandoned, the Pripyat River is in danger of contaminating the Dnieper River and thence the water supply of Kiev, and on page four of my daily newspaper, a long article by American nuclear power "experts" tells me that not only are we all perfectly safe, but "it couldn't happen here."

I despise liars.

Meanwhile, not a single comic book company is taking out ads to eulogize dead Russians the way they did for the dead Challenger space shuttle crew. Maybe 'cause they're reds and this is a cold war, or maybe 'cause we like our dead heroes to be killed quickly, cleanly and in a blaze of glory — but for whatever reason, nobody is out there shedding tears for the fire-fighters who tried to contain the nuclear plant inferno ("30 meter high flames," according to the Soviet news agency, Tass) while they sank into liquifying asphalt.

Does it matter that they were commies? Does it matter that they were victims of the most massive totalitarian slave-state the world

has ever known? Does it matter that they probably believed that Science — that unholy god — was on their side?

I've got news for you, folks: Science isn't on *anybody's* side. Science is just the most workable way to learn about that thing us aging hipsters laughingly call "reality." The Laws of Science bind us to ourselves, and we can never escape. Among the Laws are these: Hydrogen is quite explosive . . . and nuclear radiation is deadly. Hydrogen can be harnessed, through containment, but accidents will happen and people can die if they're involved in a hydrogen explosion. Nuclear radiation can be harnessed through containment too, but accidents will happen, and people can die if they're involved in a nuclear explosion, plant meltdown, radiation link, or contamination by fallout.

Consider the odds . . . I don't know about you, but I'd feel safer aboard a space shuttle right now than downwind from Chernobyl. Nuclear power will NEVER be safe. It's too bad so many reds had to die to prove that simple scientific law.

catherine yronwode

TARTUKA STOOD AS IT HAD ALWAYS STOOD, HIGH, IMPASSIVE, BLACK AND UNHEEDING...

IT HAD STOOD THAT WAY FOR A MILLION CENTURIES AND MIGHT STAND FOR A MILLION MORE.

UNDER TARTUKA

UNDER ITS CRAGGY, EBON PEAKS IT HAD WITNESSED THE CRIMSON TURMOIL OF FOUR THOUSAND SEPARATE CONFLICTS, FOUGHT OVER A SCORE OF WARWEARY GENERATIONS.

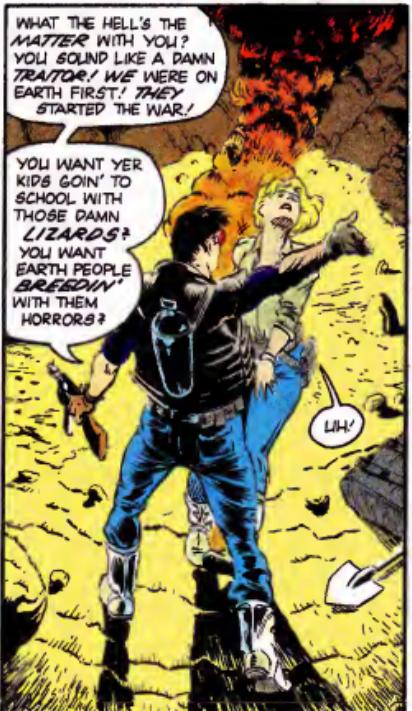
SOMETIMES THE DUST AND SMOKE AND GREEN PALL OF RADIATION ROSE SO HIGH IT THREATENED TO ECLIPSE EVEN THE LOFTY SUMMITS OF TARTUKA'S HIGHEST REACHES.

YET, STILL, AFTER SO MANY UNVICTORIOUS YEARS, THE BATTLES RAGED ON.

STILL THEY RAGED ON...











...AND NOW, AFTER
CENTURIES OF USELESS
FIGHTING, IT'S OVER...
AND NEITHER SIDE
WON ANYTHING...

DID YOU GET
A LOOK AT THEM,
DARLING?

WE'RE ALL
THAT'S LEFT
OF THE RACE.
LILMA, WE'RE ALL
ALONE--EXCEPT FOR
THAT SMALL ENEMY
PLATOON ACROSS THE
RIDGE THAT GOT LEFT
BEHIND WHEN THE
ROCKETS TOOK
OFF...

NO...I...
LHAN, ARE YOU
SURE THE WAR
IS OVER?

ARE YOU
POSITIVE?

I'M SURE, THE RADIO DOESN'T LIE.
BUT DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART,
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! WE'LL
STILL BUILD THAT LITTLE HOUSE
YOU WANTED UP THERE ON MT.
TARZINA! REMEMBER? THE
ONE WITH THE LITTLE STONE
PATH AND THE LITTLE WHITE
FENCE...

...AND THE
NURSERY?

THE
NURSERY
...?

IT MIGHT TAKE
TIME, BUT WE'LL
KEEP THE RACE
GOING, I
PROMISE
YOU...

WHY THE
BAD FACE, DAR-
LING? HAVE
YOU FALLEN OUT
OF LOVE WITH
ME SINCE
YOU'VE BEEN
GONE?
HA-HA!

I'VE GOT TO GO!
I'VE GOT TO GO BACK
--BACK TO THE
ENEMY CAMP...

I LEFT
SOMETHING
THERE!

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT DAR-
LING? YOU
CAN'T GO BACK
THERE NOW!

BESIDES, I'LL NEVER LET YOU
RISK YOUR LIFE LIKE THAT AGAIN.
I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT
YOU! LILMA, YOU'RE MY WHOLE
LIFE, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT?

BUT YOU ARE THE
SAME ON THE INSIDE, I
CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!
AND YOUR EYES HAVE NEVER
LIED TO ME, LILMA DEAR.

YOU DO LOVE ME.

DON'T YOU,
DARLING?

I...
I...





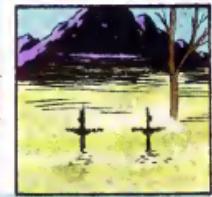
I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE
THE BUG BOMBS WORK
AUTOMATICALLY, INDE-
PENDENT OF THEIR
CREATORS...

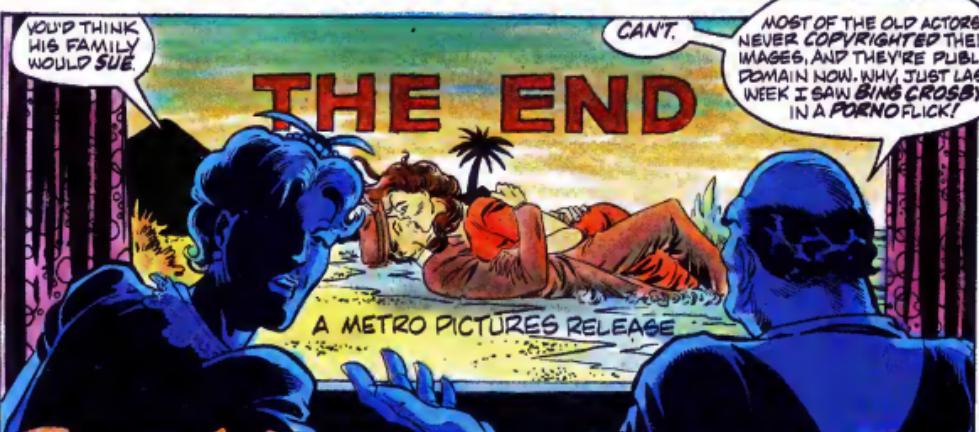
OH, GOD!
OH, GOD, SHE'S
DEAD!





TARTUKA STANDS AS IT HAS FOR A MILLION CENTURIES... IT MIGHT STAND FOR A MILLION MORE. AT ITS BASE, TWO LONE GRAVE MARKERS SILHOUETTE THE SLOWLY CLEARING HAZE OF SMOKE AND DUST AND RADIOACTIVE DEATH...





THE END

A METRO PICTURES RELEASE

So You Want To Be in Pictures?

WRITER:
DOUGLAS
WHEELER

ARTIST:
RICHARD
HOWELL

LETTERER:
WAYNE
TRUMAN

COLORIST:
TIM
SMITH

THAT'S IT, FOLKS.
NON REMEMBER, WE'RE NOT
FINISHED EDITING IT YET,
BUT WHAT DID YOU THINK?

WONDERFUL

FANTASTIC

MARVELOUS

WELL, I'M GLAD
YOU LIKED IT. THE BAR IN
THE BACK IS OPEN, AND
THERE'S SOME FOOD IN
THE NEXT ROOM.

HELLO, WE HAVEN'T BEEN INTRO-
DUCED. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
ELAINE CAMPBELL.

AND THE YOUNG
MAN WITH YOU—I
DON'T BELIEVE
I'VE MET HIM?

JOHN GARMIRE, CASTING DIR-
ECTOR FOR METRO STUDIOS.
I'VE BEEN WATCHING
YOU ALL NIGHT!

I'D
LIKE A
DRINK.

OH, OF COURSE,
I'LL GET SOMETHING
FOR US OVER THERE.
BE RIGHT BACK.

DAVID GEORGE, HE WAS ONE
OF THE ANIMATRONICS PROGRAM-
MERS FOR THIS FILM. AND YOU?

YOU HAVE THE
LOOK WE'VE BEEN SEARCH-
ING FOR FOR OUR NEXT
PICTURE.

I'VE HEARD A LOT OF
PICK-UP LINES BEFORE, BUT
DON'T YOU THINK THAT ONE'S
A BIT DATED? EVERYONE KNOWS
THEY DON'T USE REAL ACTORS IN MOV-
IES ANYMORE—IT'S ALL COMPUTER
GENERATED.

THAT'S TRUE, BUT WHERE DO
YOU THINK COMPUTERS GET THE
IMAGES FROM? THEY GET THEM
FROM RECORDINGS OF REAL
PEOPLE AND, APART FROM PUB-
LIC DOMAIN IMAGES LIKE BOGART,
CAGNEY, ETC., THOSE PEOPLE
GET PAID A FEE EVERY
TIME WE USE
THEIR IMAGE.

AND THOSE PERSONS
WHOSE LIKENESSES BECOME
STARS GET A PERCENTAGE
OF PROFITS AS WELL. AND I
BELIEVE YOU COULD BE
A STAR.



A FEW DAYS LATER.

SEE Sultry SIMONE
and JACK CREATED

ART - KIRBY

METR
the studio of a million stars

Hi, I'm ELAINE CAMPBELL. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE MR. GARMIRE.

MR. GARMIRE -
MS. CAMPBELL IS HERE.

TELL HER I'LL BE OUT IN A MOMENT.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT IT?

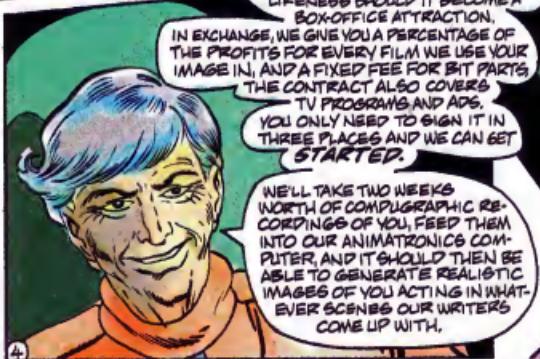
ALL MY LOVE -
SIMONE VICK

THANK YOU.

3



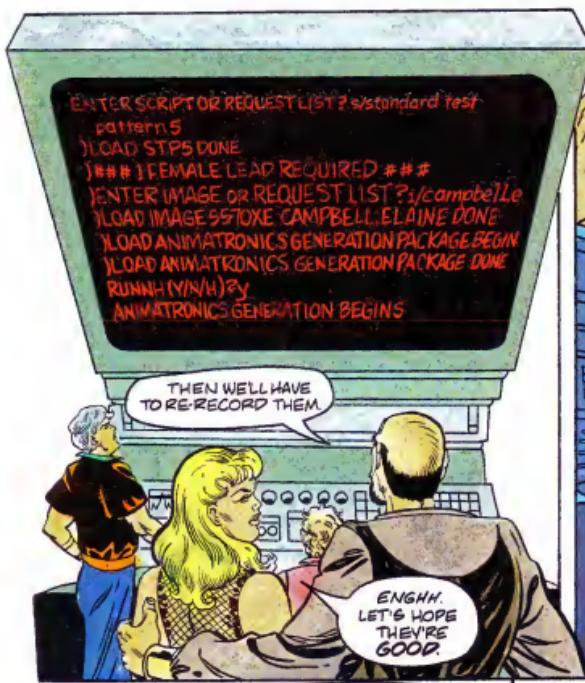
YOU'RE SURE
THIS CONTRACT IS
...FAIR?

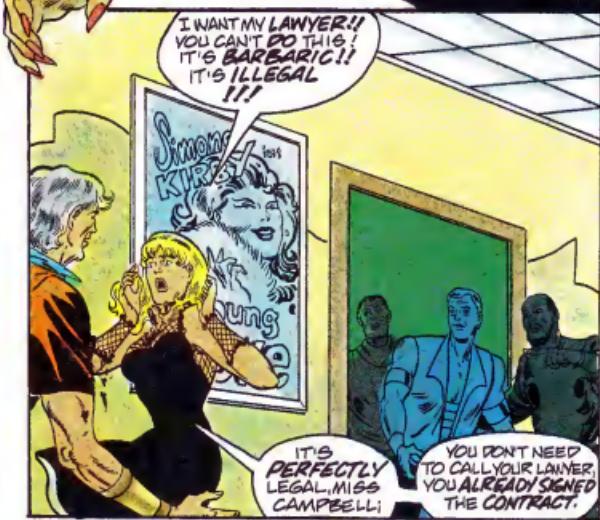


OH YES. IT'S OUR
STANDARD FORM, AS I SAID.
ALL OUR STARS HAVE SIGNED
IT, FROM SIMONE KIRBY
ON DOWN.



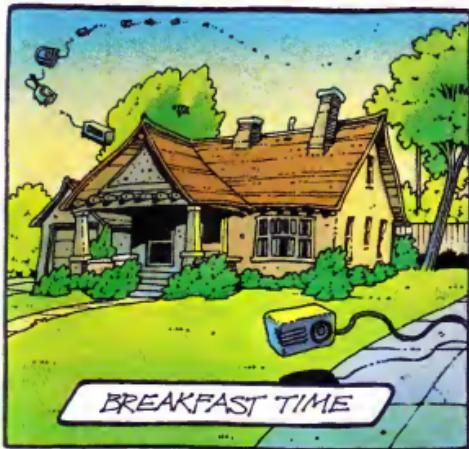


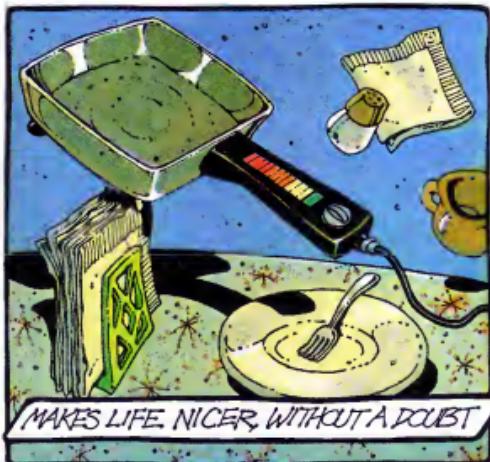




IT HAPPENED THIS MORNING.

RICK GEARY
©1985





PICTURE ME AND YOU

EVER BEEN IN LOVE? DEEPLY IN LOVE? PROFOUNDLY IN LOVE? SO IN LOVE THAT YOU WOULDN'T HESITATE EVEN FOR THE SMALLEST PART OF AN INSTANT TO GIVE YOUR LIFE GLADLY FOR YOUR LOVED ONE? EVER BEEN THAT MUCH IN LOVE? NEITHER HAVE I.

NOT, AT LEAST,
UNTIL GINA...

STORY: BRUCE JONES
ART: CHUCK BECKUM
LETTERER: WAYNE TRUMAN
COLORIST: RON COURNEY

BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF. LET ME START AT THE BEGINNING. THE BEGINNING... WHERE IS THE BEGINNING? HERE, ON THIS LONELY STRETCH OF BEACH? NO... THE SAND AND THE SURF COME LATER; WE HAVE TO GO FARTHER BACK. THE BEACH IS WHERE I ENDED UP, BUT THE REAL STORY HAS AN EARLIER INCEPTION...



I'M A PAINTER, AN ILLUSTRATOR. WELL, LET ME QUALIFY THAT: I'M AN ILLUSTRATOR NOW, I HOPE ANYWAY. BUT IN THE BEGINNING -- HAD IN THE BEGINNING I COULDN'T GET ARRESTED WITH MY PAINTINGS!



AS ANYONE IN THIS BUSINESS WILL TELL YOU, WHEN YOU'RE ESTABLISHED YOU'RE ESTABLISHED, AND WHEN YOU'RE JUST STARTING OUT... WELL...

...UH-HUH, NICE STUFF, YEAH. THE THING IS, THOUGH, WE AREN'T LOOKING FOR ANY NEW TALENT RIGHT

AT THE MOMENT.

WELL, THANKS ANYWAY...



SCIENCE FICTION WAS MY PASSION. I'D LOVED IT SINCE I WAS A KID. KELLY FREAS, STANLEY MELTZOFF, ALEX SCHOMBURG, I KNEW ALL THE GREAT ARTISTS, EVEN IMITATED THEIR STYLES. TROUBLE WAS, THERE WERE MORE TITLES TO GELL TO IN THOSE DAYS...



WELL, PEOPLE WARNED ME; MY PARENTS, MY FRIENDS. THIS ISN'T THE 40'S, THEY SAID. THIS ISN'T EXACTLY THE GOLDEN AGE OF ILLUSTRATION. KNOW SOMETHING? THEY WERE RIGHT...



EVERYONE HAD ADVICE. GET INTO SOMETHING LUCRATIVE, THEY SAID, SOMETHING WITH A FUTURE. BUT I'M A PAINTER! I EXPLAINED. THEY LAUGHED. ALL EXCEPT MR. CARBONI, MY LANDLORD. HE DIDN'T LAUGH...



WHAT'S THIS? THIS IS EVERYTHING YOU OWN IN THE WORLD, MR. NELSON, ALL NEATLY PACKED AND READY FOR YOU TO TAKE AWAY. YOU GOT EVERYTHING IN THESE SUITCASES BUT MONEY. THAT I COULDN'T FIND NOWHERE.



YOU'RE A BRIGHT KID. BROKE, BUT BRIGHT. TWO MONTHS RENT YOU OWE ME, BUT AM I KEEPING YOUR VALUABLES LIKE SOME LANDLORDS WOULD UNTIL YOU PAY UP? NO, NOT ME. BECAUSE I'M A NICE GUY? YES. ALSO BECAUSE, MR. PETE NELSON, YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' VALUABLE!





I GOT MAD THEN. REAL ANGRY. I HID OUT IN CENTRAL PARK AND PAINTED MY TRIBUTE TO NEW YORK'S FINEST. EVERY BRUSH STROKE WAS A SLASH OF HATRED, A GETTING BACK FOR MONTHS OF HUMILIATION AND PENT-UP FRUSTRATION...





THOSE PLOT-CONSCIOUS READERS WILL NOTICE A DEFINITE PATTERN EMERGING HERE. YES, IT DID LOOK AN AWFUL LOT LIKE THAT COP I PAINTED IN CENTRAL PARK. YES, I DID THINK ABOUT IT THE NEXT TIME I PICKED UP MY PAINT BRUSH, BEING RIGHT AROUND ROCKEFELLER CENTER...



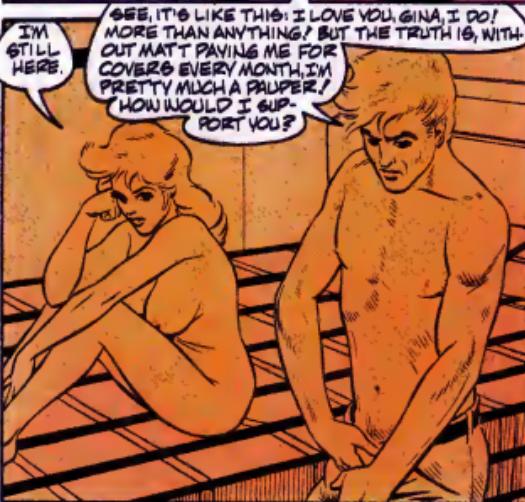
MATT LOVED THE PAINTING. EVERYBODY LOVED THE PAINTING. IT WAS A GOOD PAINTING! I PUSHED ALL OTHER THOUGHTS FROM MY MIND... ALL THOUGHTS BUT GINA...



I WANT YOU TO TELL HIM, PETE. THIS ISN'T FAIR TO HIM, THIS ISN'T FAIR TO ANYONE. WE CAN'T GO ON LIVING A LIE THIS WAY. I WANT YOU TO TELL HIM.



I'M STILL HERE.
SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS: I LOVE YOU, GINA, I DO!
MORE THAN ANYTHING! BUT THE TRUTH IS, WITH-
OUT MATT PAYING ME FOR COVERS EVERY MONTH, I'M
PRETTY MUCH A PALUPER!
HOW WOULD I SUPPORT YOU?



YOU'RE SOMEWHAT ESTABLISHED NOW. SHOW YOUR WORK AROUND.



IT'S NOT SO EASY, MATT'S THE ONLY GUY PUBLISHING SCI-FI COMICS--AND COMICS IS WHAT I'M KNOWN FOR.

I DUNNO... IT'S A TOUGH BUSINESS...

TELL HIM, PETE. TELL HIM OR THIS IS OVER. I'M TIRED OF NOT SLEEPING AT NIGHT, OF LIVING, OF MAKING EXCUSES TO HIM WHEN HE WANTS ME.



NICE, HUH? TERRIFIC SITUATION! ONE MINUTE I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I EVER DREAMED OF, THE NEXT MINUTE THE BUBBLE BURSTS. OH, AND THAT'S NOT ALL; THERE WERE OTHER PROBLEMS...



WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH IN AP- PARENT SUICIDE



BUT WE KNOW IT WASN'T A SUICIDE, DON'T WE? WE KNOW IT WAS A HEAT RAY FROM A FLYING SAUCER FROM A #286 GRUMBACHER PAINT BRUSH!



MATT WAS A MATURE GUY, A REASONABLE GUY. HE'D UNDERSTAND. GINA AND I HAD FALLEN IN LOVE, THAT'S ALL. IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE. ANYONE. MATT WOULD UNDERSTAND.



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT A LITTLE GUY LIKE THAT COULD PUNCH...



--AND STAY OUT, YOU MISERABLE BAS-TARD! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN!

SALLY, GET MY WIFE ON THE PHONE!

MAGNUM



AND NOW FOR THE SAD PART. YES, IT GETS WORSE. I TOLD GINA ABOUT MY, AH—"CONVERSATION" WITH MATT. SHE THREW HER ARMS AROUND ME, KISSED ME. TOLD ME SHE LOVED ME. EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE. IT WASN'T.



IT WASN'T MY BOAT, IT BELONGED TO A FRIEND OF GINA'S. SORT OF A PRE-HONEYMOON JAUNT. TWO TURTLE DOVES ADRIPT ON A SEA OF LOVE. IT WAS ALL SO BEAUTIFUL AND SERENE, I EVEN QUIT WORRYING ABOUT HOW I WOULD SUPPORT US. THEN THE STORM HIT...



GINA WAS HELPING ME LOWER THE SAIL WHEN THE BIG WAVE STRUCK US...



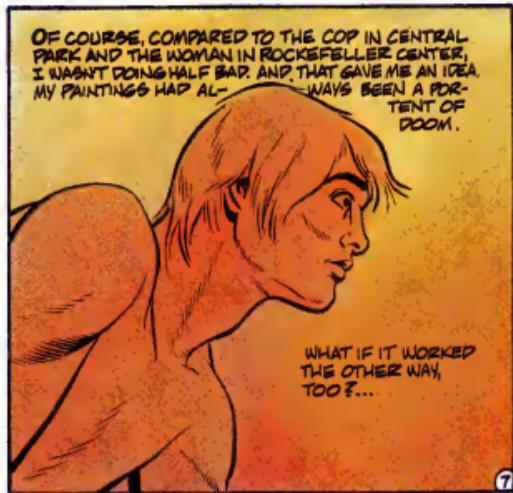
I CAN'T SWIM. NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE HELPED MUCH IN THAT SEA. I WAS LUCKY TO GET BACK TO SHORE ALIVE...



GINA...OH GOD,
GINA!...(SOB)...I'VE
LOST EVERYTHING...



OF COURSE, COMPARED TO THE COP IN CENTRAL PARK AND THE WOMAN IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER, I WASN'T DOING HALF BAD. AND, THAT GAVE ME AN IDEA. MY PAINTINGS HAD ALWAYS BEEN A PORTENT OF DOOM.



I STAYED UP ALL NIGHT FINISHING THE PAINTING. IT HAD TO BE SCIENCE FICTION SO MATT WOULD BUY IT, BUT IT HAD TO BE GINA TOO...IT HAD TO BE GINA ALIVE AND BREATHING...



YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND COMING IN HERE, NELSON! FIRST YOU GET MY WIFE KILLED, THEN YOU BRING IN THIS HIDEROUS PORTRAIT OF HER WITH THIS...THING AND EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE SOME INSANE BLACK MAGIC STORY!

BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY! DON'T YOU SEE, THE COP GOT EATEN BY THE SPIDER, THE WOMAN GOT BURNED BY THE SAUCER! ONLY FIRST YOU HAVE TO PUBLISH IT! THAT'S THE SECRET!



GET HIM OUT OF HERE! AND CALL THE POLICE! CALL MY ATTORNEY!

IT HAS TO BE ON YOUR COMIC BOOK COVER! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY IT WORKS! PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME!



I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I LOST IT RIGHT ABOUT THEN. I KNEW WITHOUT THE PUBLICATION OF THAT PAINTING GINA WAS GONE, AND I ALSO KNEW THAT MATT THOUGHT I WAS COMPLETELY UNHINGED. MAYBE I WAS. I WENT BACK TO MY STUDIO...



SO, I DID ANOTHER PAINTING. A PAINTING OF FEAR AND FRUSTRATION AND DEEP SEATED HATRED. HATRED OF MATT, OF MYSELF, OF THE WHOLE STINKING TOWN. I TOOK ALL THE POISON ROLLING INSIDE MY GUTS AND POURLED IT OUT THROUGH THAT PAINT BRUSH. THEN, I SLEPT...

AND AFTER I SLEPT I WENT FOR A WALK--A DRUNKEN WALK--EVERWHERE, ANYWHERE, ALL OVER THE CITY. I HIT A LOT OF BARS. I WAS GONE FOR DAYS, MAYBE WEEKS. AND WHEN I STUMBLLED BACK HOME, GUESS WHAT WAS WAITING IN MY MAILBOX?



THIS IS PETE NELSON, IS MATT BENSON THERE?

BENSON QUITS A WEEK AGO. THIS IS PAUL WILSON, THE NEW EDITOR. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU, NELSON. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND--WE DROPPED BY AND PICKED UP YOUR LATEST WORK. THE OCTOPUS-MAN COVER CAME OUT GREAT! IT'S ON THE STANDS NOW, HAVE YOU SEEN IT?



THAT'S WHEN THE KNOCK CAME ON MY DOOR...

GINA!!

...PETE?..

YOU'RE ALIVE!!
ALIVE!! I KNEW IT!
I KNEW IT WOULD
WORK!

...C-CAN'T
SEEM TO
REMEMBER...
FLOATING, FLOAT-
ING... THEN
STUMBLING UP
THE BEACH...

HAPPY ENDING? NOT
QUITE—THIS IS ONLY
THE THIRD PANEL.
ALL OF A
SUDDEN,
I REMEM-
BERED
SOM-
ETHING...

WILSON? YOU
SAY YOU PICKED UP
MY WORK—WHAT ABOUT
THE OTHER PAINTING,
YOU GET THAT
ONE TOO?

OH YEAH!
GREAT
COVER!
IT COMES OUT
TOMORROW ON
OUR NEW
SF BOOK,
SPACE
MYSTERY.



I KNEW THERE WASN'T
TIME TO STOP IT, THE
PRESSES WERE AL-
READY ROLLING. ALL I
COULD DO WAS GRAB
GINA, PACK A QUICK
BAG, AND HOP ON THE
NEAREST PLANE...

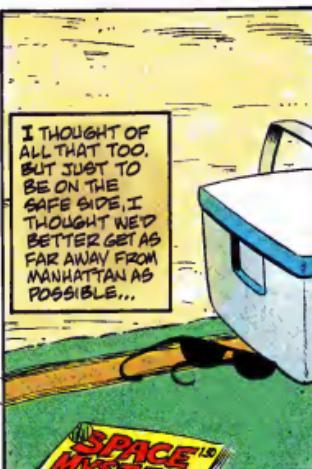
WHICH BRINGS US TO HERE, THIS BEACH
IN SANTA BARBARA. I ALWAYS LIKED THE
IDEA OF LIVING IN CALIFORNIA. SO DID
GINA...



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: THE
COP, THE WOMAN, EVEN GINA'S RESCUE,
THEY COULD ALL BE EXPLAINED RAT-
IONALLY: THE COP WAS MUGGED, THE
WOMAN KILLED HERSELF LIKE THE
PAPER SAID AND GINA... WELL, GINA JUST
SOMEHOW SWAM ASHORE ON HER OWN
HOOK...

...ON HER OWN
HOOK...

I THOUGHT OF
ALL THAT TOO,
BUT JUST TO
BE ON THE
SAFE SIDE, I
THOUGHT WE'D
BETTER GET AS
FAR AWAY FROM
MANHATTAN AS
POSSIBLE...



...I MEAN, WHY
TAKE CHANCES?

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE MAN LOCKING HIS FRONT DOOR IS JAMES D. HUPNALL. HE CLUTCHES A PACKAGE IN HIS HANDS AS IF IT WERE A SECRET DOCUMENT. HIS EYES MOVE FURTIVELY BEHIND DARK GLASSES, MAKING SURE NO ONE IS WATCHING.



HE MAKES ALL 500 YARDS OF THE JOURNEY WITHOUT INCIDENT. TEN MINUTES OF WAITING IN LINE BEHIND A GUY WHO SUCKS HIS TEETH IS ALL HE HAS TO ENDURE.

I'D LIKE THIS SENT REGISTERED MAIL, PLEASE.

ENGLAND, HUH?
LOOKS INTERESTING!
IS IT IMPORTANT?

YEP.

OXFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND. ONE WEEK LATER.

THE PATTER OF RAIN ON THE ROOF IS THE FIRST THING DAVID LLOYD HEARS AS HE WAKES UP. THEN COMES THE POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

REGISTERED PACKAGE.

WHAT? OH...THANKS

HE'S BEEN WORKING ON THIS PROJECT FOR SOME MONTHS, AND NOW BEFORE HIM IS THE FINAL SCRIPT.

SOON, VERY SOON, THESE TWO MEN FROM TWO DIFFERENT LANDS WILL UNVEIL A COMIC LIKE NO OTHER. A COMIC THAT MIGHT BE ABOUT YOU OR ME.

